

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

STEPHEN KING'S

CREEPSHOW™

A GEORGE A. ROMERO FILM

ART BY BERNI WRIGHTSON · COVER ART BY JACK KAMEN



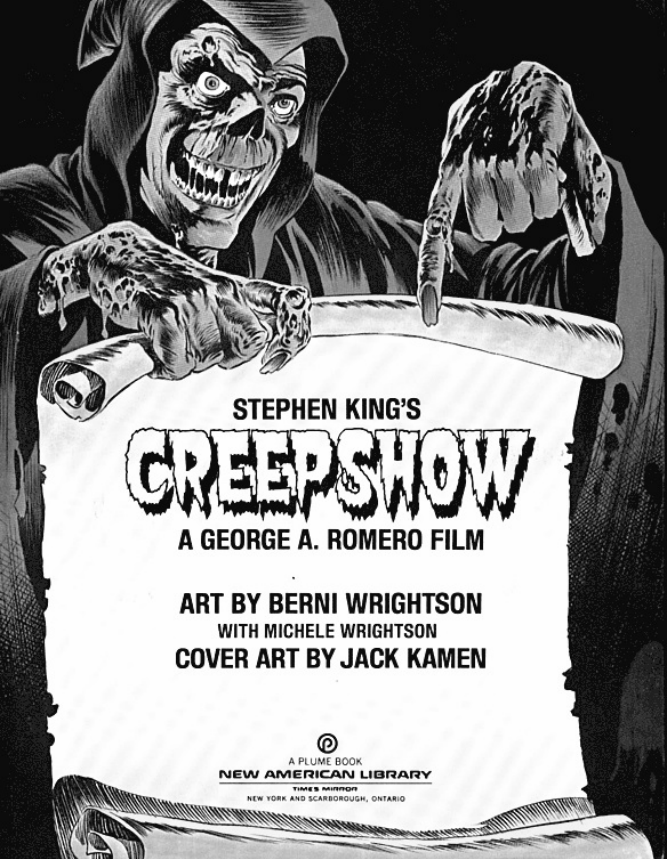
SCANNED MARCH 25, 2006
SCANNED BY TERRY WATKINS (SNIKTAWT)
A PLUM BOOK MOVIE ADAPTATION
WRITTEN BY STEPHEN KING
ART BY BERNI WRIGHTSON; COVER BY JACK KAMEN

CREEPSHOW [1982]

SNIKSKAN

THIS IS A COMPLETE COVER TO COVER SCAN
RELEASED IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE FILM





STEPHEN KING'S

CREEPSHOW

A GEORGE A. ROMERO FILM

ART BY BERNI WRIGHTSON
WITH MICHELE WRIGHTSON
COVER ART BY JACK KAMEN



A PLUME BOOK
NEW AMERICAN LIBRARY

TIME'S MIRROR
NEW YORK AND SCARBOROUGH, ONTARIO

NAL BOOKS ARE AVAILABLE AT QUANTITY DISCOUNTS WHEN USED TO PROMOTE PRODUCTS OR SERVICES. FOR INFORMATION, PLEASE WRITE TO PREMIUM MARKETING DIVISION, THE NEW AMERICAN LIBRARY, INC., 1633 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10019.

Text copyright © 1982 by Philtrum Corp.

Illustrations Copyright © 1982 by Laurel-Show, Inc.

All rights reserved



PLUME TRADEMARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES
REGISTERED TRADEMARK—MARCA REGISTRADA
HECHO EN FORGE VILLAGE, MASS., U.S.A.

SIGNET, SIGNET CLASSICS, MENTOR, PLUME, MERIDIAN, and NAL BOOKS are published in the United States by The New American Library, Inc., 1633 Broadway, New York, New York 10019, in Canada by The New American Library of Canada Limited, 81 Mack Avenue, Scarborough, Ontario M1L 1M8

First Printing, July, 1982

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

HEH-HEH!! GREETINGS, KIDDIES,
AND WELCOME TO THE FIRST ISSUE
OF **CREEPSHOW**, THE MAGAZINE
THAT DARES TO ANSWER THE
QUESTION "WHO GOES THERE?"

FATHER'S DAY

I'M the **CREEP**, AND I'LL BE YOUR GUIDE
ON THIS JOURNEY INTO FEAR. OUR FIRST STOP...
THE PARLOR OF THE **GRANTHAM HOUSE**...
YOU'LL **LIKE** THE GRANTHAMS, KIDDIES. THEY'RE
THE KIND OF PEOPLE WHO'D STEAL CANDY FROM
A BABY... THEN LACE IT WITH **ARSENIC** AND
FEED IT TO THE **DOG!** BUT, READ ON... YOU'LL
GET TO MEET THEM SOON ENOUGH...

DO YOU
THINK SHE'LL
REALLY BE OUT,
AUNT SYLVIA?

OH-HO-HO! YOU
COULD SET YOUR
WATCH BY HER FOUR
O'CLOCK ON
THE DOT.

PASS THOSE SCONES,
CASS. YOU'RE SUCH A HOG.
YOU MARRIED A HOG,
HENRY. YOU KNOW
THAT, DON'T YOU?

WILL **WHO**
BE OUT,
CASS?



YOU MEAN CASS HASN'T TOLD YOU ABOUT DOTTY OLD GREAT AUNT **BEDELIA**? THE PATRIARCH OF THE CLAN?

ISN'T SHE THE ONE WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE... WELL...

...SUPPOSED TO HAVE KILLED HER FATHER, YES.



...SUPPOSED TO HAVE BOPPED THE OLD POOP WITH AN ASHTRAY. **HE** WAS THE **REAL** PATRIARCH, RICHARD... MADE ALL THE MONEY, DIDN'T HE?

AND IF **THAT** DOESN'T QUALIFY HIM FOR PATRIARCH STATUS, NOTHING DOES!



NATHAN GRANTHAM, BEDELIA'S FATHER, WAS OLDER THAN GOD, BUT THE OLD FART SIMPLY WOULD NOT DIE... BEDELIA WAS ACQUITTED, YOU KNOW, HENRY.

IT'S **HANK**, AUNT SYLVIA. CAN'T YOU REMEMBER THAT?

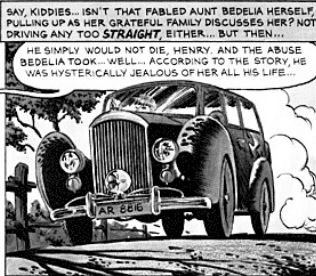
OF COURSE, EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE AT LEAST ONE SKEL-ETON IN ITS CLOSET. DON'T YOU AGREE, **HENRY**?

HOWEVER IT HAPPENED... **HANK**... THE OLD MAN DESERVED TO DIE!



HE WAS A **MONSTER**! AND IF SHE **DID** KILL HIM, I SAY MORE POWER TO HER!

BRAVO!



SAY, KIDDIES... ISN'T THAT FABLED AUNT BEDELIA HERSELF, PULLING UP AS HER GRATEFUL FAMILY DISCUSSES HER? NOT DRIVING ANY TOO **STRAIGHT**, EITHER... BUT THEN...

HE SIMPLY WOULD NOT DIE, HENRY. AND THE ABUSE BEDELIA TOOK... WELL... ACCORDING TO THE STORY, HE WAS HYSTERICALLY JEALOUS OF HER ALL HIS LIFE...

...MAYBE YOU CAN SEE WHY!

...THE COMPLEAT FREUDIAN RELATIONSHIP. HE HAD A STROKE AND SHE GOT TO NURSE HIM FULL TIME. THEN, SHE MET A **MAN**... A REAL SEPTEMBER COURTSHIP...

SEP-TEM-BER COURTSHIP? THAT WAS OCTOBER. OR NOVEM-BER. AT THE VERY LEAST... **MAYBE** THE NIGHT BEFORE **CHRISTMAS!**

NEVER MIND, DEARS. THE POINT IS, HENRY, SHE **LOVED** THE MAN... AND NATHAN HAD HIM **KILLED!**

HE SUPPOSEDLY DIED IN A **HUNTING ACCIDENT**. THAT'S WHAT'S ON THE BOOKS, ANYWAY...

FOR BEDELIA, IT WAS THE LAST STRAW...

...SHE SPLIT HIS HEAD OPEN WITH A **GLASS ASHTRAY**. THIS VERY ONE...

-- SO RUMOR HAS IT --

--ULP--

YOU SEE, HENRY, RICHARD AND CASS HAVE A GREAT TALENT FOR **SPENDING** THE MONEY NATHAN MADE... AND NATHAN WOULD NOT INDULGE EITHER OF THEM... BUT AUNT BEDELIA SOLVED **THAT** PROBLEM... AND EVERY FATHER'S DAY, SHE COMES UP HERE, VISITS NATHAN'S GRAVE, THEN DINES WITH HER GRATEFUL KINFOLK...

WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, AUNT SYLVIA, WHY NOT TELL HANK ABOUT **YOUR** SUMMER HOUSE IN BERMUDA, **YOUR** PLACE IN ROME? OR **YOUR** LIFETIME EURAIL PASS...OR...

CASSANDRA, DARLING... HOW CAN SUCH A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN BE SUCH AN **UTTER TURD?**

TEMPER, **TEMPER**, FOLKS! ...YOU'RE ARGUING ALMOST LOUD ENOUGH TO WAKE THE **DEAD!** OR MAYBE WE SHOULD STRIKE THE **ALMOST**... HEE-HEE...



YOU SEE, KIDDIES, WHEN BEDELIA TOLD HER FATHER SHE HAD GOTTEN ENGAGED, NATHAN GRANTHAM MADE A PHONE CALL...

...AND SAW THAT BEDELIA'S BELOVED WAS WELCOMED INTO THE FAMILY WITH A REAL BANG!...

HEH-HEH! WE KNOW ABOUT THESE HUNTING ACCIDENTS, DON'T WE, KIDDIES?

HEH-HEH! WELL, SO DOES BEDELIA!



SHE REMEMBERS THE MORGUE... THE STENCH OF FORMALIN...



...AND THE TERRIBLE QUESTION...

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THIS MAN AS PETER RICHARD YARBRO, YOUR FIANCE?

OH GOD!

SOB? NO!

...YES, KIDDIES... BEDELIA SURELY DOES REMEMBER...

I WANT MY CAKE, BEDELIA! WHERE'S MY CAKE?!



...AND WHILE NATE NEVER *DID* GET HIS CAKE ON THAT FATHER'S DAY SEVEN YEARS AGO...



WHERE'S MY FATHER'S DAY CAKE?! I WANT IT! I WANT--

...HE GOT ONE *HELL* OF A SURPRISE!



BEDELIA!
NO! NO!!

RIGHT, KIDDIES?!



HAPPY FATHER'S DAY, DADDY! WE'LL HAVE THE CAKE LATER, OKAY?!



OKAY... OKAY?! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE HAD PETER *KILLED*. BUT HAPPY FATHER'S DAY *ANYWAY*, DADDY! HAPPY... HA--

HA-HA HAHAAAA

AND *NOW*, IN THE GRANTHAM FAMILY GRAVEYARD...



DADDY, I'M SO SORRY... BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE LET ME HAVE PETER...



YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO HAVE HIM KILLED. I STILL WOULD'VE TAKEN CARE OF YOU...



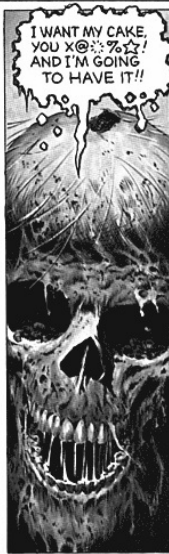
HEH-HEH!...TOO LATE, BEDELIA! IT'S STARTING TO LOOK AS IF...

I JUST... GOT SO MAD, Y'KNOW? I... I THINK IT WAS THE SOUND OF YOUR *CANE*...IT...



DADDY WILL SOON BE TAKING CARE OF YOU!

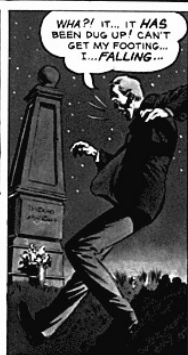
...IT GOT INTO MY HEAD AND I COULDN'T THINK, AND... AND...



MEANWHILE...



HEH-HEH! THAT'S RIGHT, HANK... **BROWN-NOSE** THE OLD BAG... ANYTHING TO WORM YOUR WAY INTO AUNT SYLVIA'S GOOD GRACES...





OLE HANK DIDN'T KNOW THAT AUNT BEDELIA'S VISIT WAS GOING TO BECOME SUCH A **GRAVE MATTER!** AND, APPROACHING THE HOUSE...



IT LOOKS LIKE YOU JUST **CAN'T KEEP A HUNGRY MAN DOWN!**

WHERE'S MY CAKE?



WHERE *IS* HE?
I'M HUNGRY AND I
WANT MY **DINNER!**
RICHARD, GO
FIND HIM!

YOU FIND
HIM! HE'S YOUR
HUSBAND...
BESIDES, I
THINK HE'S
A **HICK!!**



RICHARD!!

WELL, I **DO!**
HE'S A *****YING
HICK!!**

IF YOU'RE
GOING TO USE
**THAT SORT OF
LANGUAGE,**
YOU'LL HAVE
TO EXCUSE
ME ...



**I'LL FIND
HENRY... MRS
DANVERS, HAVE
YOU SEEN...**







JUDAS - GIT-
HOME / LOOKIT
THAT!

HEH-HEH! HELLO, AGAIN,
KIDDIES... MY LAST STORY WAS
SO GRIM IT EVEN FRIGHTENED ME!
SO I DECIDED TO HEAD FOR THE
HILLS... YOU KNOW, THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN WHEREAT
THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER...
HEH-HEH... WHICH BRINGS TO
MIND ANOTHER TALE...



THE LONESOME DEATH OF JORDY VERRILL

JORDY VERRILL WAS THE PROVERBIAL JACK OF ALL TRADES AND MASTER OF NONE... BUT, FOR A RATHER SIMPLE-MINDED FELLOW, JORDY DID ALRIGHT... HE MANAGED, JUST BARELY, TO HOLD BODY AND SOUL TOGETHER... UNTIL THAT FATEFUL SUMMER NIGHT HE HAPPENED TO LOOK UP AT THE SKY AT JUST THE RIGHT MOMENT... OR MAYBE THE *WRONG* ONE...





BUCKET OR
TWO OF WATER'LL
DO THE TRICK!
1... OWWW!

B... BLISTERS!
SUCKER, BURNED
ME REAL
GOOD!

WELL, NO
MATTER...

... CAUSE *THIS*
TIME OLE
JORDY...

... HAS GOT
IT MADE!!

I'M SORRY, MR.
VERRILL... WE SIMPLY
CAN'T CARRY YOUR
LOAN ANY LONGER.
I'M AFRAID WE'LL
HAVE TO...

YOU WON'T
HAVE TO,
MR. BILKMORE!

WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME,
MR. VERRILL, JUST HOW YOU
CAME BY THIS MONEY?

YOU MIGHT SAY
IT *FELL* OUT
OF THE SKY!!

... OUT OF THE
SKY! HAW-HAW!
THAT'S...

HUH?

THE... THE
WATER WAS TOO
COLD! CRACKED
THE METER WIDE
OPEN! OH, YOU
DONE IT NOW,
JORDY VERRILL,
YOU LUNKHEAD!

SSSS
CRACK

...YOU STUPID LUNKHEAD!!

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR A *BROKEN* METEOR? MR. VERRILL, YOU MUST BE *JOKING!* I WOULDN'T GIVE YOU TWO CENTS!!

VERRILL *LUCK* IS ALWAYS *IN* AND YOU SPELL *THAT* KIND OF LUCK *B-A-D!* WELL, I GOT TO TRY...

HMMM/ FUNNY DARN STUFF LEAKING OUT OF THE METEOR...

...GOT SOME ON MY *FINGERS!* YUCK!! IT...IT'S METEORCRAP!!

...FUNNY KINDA CRUD! WARM AND SLIMY... OH, WELL, JUST WIPE IT OFF...

POOR OLD JORDY... HEH-HEH... HE MADE A SMALL *FORTUNE* AND *LOST* IT... ALL IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE...

...MAYBE I CAN GLUE IT TOGETHER...IN THE MORNING...

...BUT WHAT'S *THIS*, KIDDIES? SOMETHING *INTERESTING* SEEMS TO BE HAPPENING IN THE *CRATER!* LOOKS LIKE THE *INVASION OF THE CRABGRASS FROM OUTER SPACE* HAS BEGUN... HEH-HEH...

:CLICK: ...TO *JESUS* YES, FRIENDS, BROTHER MELVIN WAS A LOW-LIFE DRUNK UNTIL HE SAW THE LIGHT/ HE SOLD HIS CAR...



... AND GAVE THE
MONEY TO ME, REVEREND
FLEECE U. WHITE AND MY
CHURCH OF THE HOLY
SHRINKING PURSE...

BROTHER
MELVIN WAS **SAVED!**
AND SO CAN YOU, TOO
BE **SAVED!** JUST
SEND A CHECK...



...OR MONEY OR
NO STAMPS OF
PLEASE AND
GET TO HEAVEN

OH, MY LORD!!
THAT... THAT
METEORCRAP!!



GOT TO CALL DOC
GEESSON, THAT'S WHAT
I GOT TO DO...



... I GOT
TO... TO...

I'M **SORRY**, JORDY...
BUT THOSE FINGERS...



...THOSE **FINGERS**
WILL HAVE TO
COME OFF!!

OH, NO!!



JUST LIE
DOWN, JORDY!
I'M SORRY,
BUT THIS IS
GOING TO BE
VERY PAINFUL!

NO!!



OH, JORDY,
YOU **LUNK-HEAD!**



...SOMETHING AWFUL'S
HAPPENED! IT... IT...

...AND I'M ON
VACATION FOR THE
NEXT TWO WEEKS,
CHASING THE WILY...

SMALL MOUTHED BASS
IN WESTERN MAINE. DR.
PETER V. HIGGINS OF
CASTLE ROCK WILL BE
TAKING MY CALLS...
:CLICK:

NO HOSPITAL...

WHEN YOU GO IN
THERE YOU DON'T
COME OUT NO MORE!
THAT'S WHERE THEY
TAKE YOU TO
DIE... THAT'S...

...NO, NO...
THE *HOUSE*'S
GROWIN', TOO!
NO... NO, NO!!

THERE YOU
ARE, SUCKER!
KNEWED YOU
WAS IN THERE,
SOMEPACE...

...MAKE IT
STRONG! GOTTA
MAKE IT REAL
STRONG...

...NEEDED...
:GLUG-GLUG:
...NEEDED
THAT...

...I MEAN
YOUR REDS
AND YOUR
PINKOS...

...NEEDED
THAT :GLUG:
TOO...

...NEEDED THAT!
RELAX... NEED
TO...

AS JORDY SLEEPS, THE
UNEARTHLY VEGETATION
CONTINUES TO GROW...
THROUGH THE EARLY
EVENING...

...AND THESE
HERE COMMUNISTS
DON'T LIKE NOTHING
BETTER THAN TO
*DRINK CHRISTIAN
BLOOD!* SO SEND
YOUR CASH CONTRI-
BUTIONS TO...

...AND INTO THE
DEAD OF NIGHT...

...ENDS ITS
BROADCASTING
DAY... "OH-OOH,
SAY CAN YOU
SEE...

...AND ON INTO THE
EARLY HOURS OF THE
NEXT DAY...

WHAT SO PROU-
HAILED, AT THE
TWILIGHT?

OH :YAWN:
OH, LORD!
WHAT A DR...



IT AIN'T NO DREAM!
IT **AIN'T!** AN' IT
ITCHES! GORRY
HOW IT **ITCHES!!**



...GOTTA TAKE A
BATH! GOTTA STOP
THE ITCHIN'... GOT...

JORDY.



DA... DAD?! BUT
YOU'RE **DEAD!** YOU
BEEN DEAD... LORD!
THREE YEARS ALMOST.

I'M NOT REALLY HERE
AT ALL, JORDY... I'M
JUST IN YOUR MIND...



...YOU AIN'T GOIN' TO GET
IN THAT TUB, ARE YOU?

... IT... DADDY, IT
ITCHES! IT ITCHES
ALL OVER ME... I GOT
TO COOL OFF!



NO! IT'S THE
WATER THAT
IT **WANTS**, DON'T
YOU KNOW THAT?

BUT... BUT,
DADDY, IT'S TEN
THOUSAND TIMES
WORSE THAN THAT
POISON IVY I HAD
THAT TIME...



...IT... IT **ITCHES**
ME SOMETHIN'
FIERCE, DADDY!
IF I DON'T STOP
IT, I'LL GO
CRAZY!!



YOU GET INTO
THAT **WATER**, JORDY,
YOU MIGHT AS WELL
BE SIGNING YOUR
DEATH WARRANT!



IT DON'T MATTER.
I'M A **GONER**, ANYWAY,
AIN'T I DADDY? THE
STUFF OUTTA THAT
METEOR GOT ME
AN' I'M **GONE!!**



AIN'T I,
DADDY?

...DADDY...?



OH, BETTER...
BETTER...



BETTER/
OH, LORD; SOB;
BETTER...
...BETTER...

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

PLEASE... OH,
PLEASE GOD! LET
MY LUCK BE IN!
JUST THIS
ONCE...

...PLEASE,
GOD...

...GOT IT
LOADED! OH,
THANK YOU,
GOD...

W-K-B-S NOW
BEGINS ITS BROAD-
CASTING DAY...
OH-OOH, SAY
CAN YOU SEE,
BY THE DAWN'S
EARLY LIGHT...

...WHAT SO PROUD-
LY
WE HAILED AT THE TWI-
LIGHT'S LAST GLEAM-
ING... WHOSE BROAD
STRIPES AND BRIGHT
STARS, THROUGH THE...

...NOW, GOD...
PLEASE, JUST LET
ME FIND THE
TRIGGER...
JUST LET...

...PERILOUS
NIGHT O'ER THE
RAMPARTS WE
WATCHED...

CLICK

BLAM



...WERE SO GALLANT-LY
STREAMING--AND THE ROCKET'S
RED GLARE, THE BOMBS...



...BURSTING IN AIR, GAVE PROOF
THROUGH THE NIGHT THAT OUR
FLAG WAS STILL THERE! OH, SAY
DOES THAT STAR-SPANGLED...



BA-ANNNER YET WA-AAVE...
O'ER THE LA-ANND OF THE
FREEE...



...AND THE HOME
OF THE BRAAVE!

GOOOOOD
MORNING, FELLOW
MAINERS! WE'VE GOT
A **GREAT** DAY FOR YOU
TODAY... CLEAR SKIES
ALL DAY, BUT OUR **FARMER**
FRIENDS TO THE NORTH
NEED NOT DESPAIR...WE'RE
EXPECTING **RAIN**
TONIGHT...

...HEAR THAT, KIDDIES? RAIN
TONIGHT, HEH-HEH! I GUESS
THAT OLD VERRILL **LUCK** IS
IN AGAIN, EH? YOU CAN DECIDE
FOR YOURSELF IF JORDY
FINALLY HAD A BIT OF **GOOD**
LUCK WHEN HE MANAGED TO
PULL THAT TRIGGER! BUT
DON'T THINK TOO LONG, KIDDIES...
OUR NEXT
YELL YARN
AWAITS...



HEH-HEH! WELCOME, KIDDIES... I DON'T KNOW ABOUT *YOU*, BUT I'M FEELING A BIT *EDGY*! MAYBE I'M STILL FEELING THE EFFECTS OF OUR LAST STORY... OR MAYBE IT'S JUST BECAUSE I HAVEN'T BEEN *OUT* IN A LONG TIME! THAT'S *IT*! I'VE GOT THAT *BOXED-IN* FEELING, HEH-HEH! WHICH REMINDS ME OF ANOTHER TALE IN MY *LURID LEXICON*! A LITTLE FEAR FABLE CALLED...

THE CRATE

OUR STORY OPENS IN THE BASEMENT OF *AMBERSON HALL*, THE SCIENCE BUILDING ON THE CAMPUS OF *HORLICKS UNIVERSITY*...

...IT BEGINS WITH A WHIM OF *FATE*... A TOSS OF THE *COIN*, AS IT WERE, HEH-HEH!

BUT IT'S NOT A CASE OF HEADS OR TAILS, KIDDIES... OH, NO...



...IT'S THE CASE OF A
QUARTER THAT WENT
WRONG... DEAD WRONG!

THERE! LOOK
AT THAT!
DAMMIT!

OR MAYBE IT WAS
FATE AFTER ALL!

OH!! ☆?!

PING
PING
PING

WHO KNOWS? HEH-HEH-HEH!

WHAT THE
HELL?

THE JANITOR'S FLASHLIGHT
REVEALS A CRATE...A VERY
OLD CRATE!

GUESS I GOT TO
CALL PROFESSOR
STANLEY! YEAH,
THAT'S WHAT I
GOT TO DO...

MEANWHILE, AT A DULL FACULTY PARTY ACROSS
TOWN, A FACULTY WIFE NAMED **WILMA NORTH-
RUP** HAS BEEN STRUCK EXCEEDINGLY **DRUNK...**
AND **NOT** FOR THE FIRST TIME!

PROFESSOR DEXTER STANLEY,
YOU ARE SUCH A **CHILD!** YOU
AND HENRY BOTH, SUCH **CHIL-
DREN!** BUT AT LEAST HENRY
HAS ME TO TAKE CARE OF
HIM... DON'T YOU, DEAR?

YES, BILLIE...

AND THIS IS HENRY
AND WILMA NORTHRUP,
IN THE ENGLISH DE-

JUST CALL
ME **BILLIE**, EVERYONE
DOES... IF YOU NEED
SOMEONE TO SHOW
YOU THE ROPES,
HON, COME SEE
ME. YOU BUYING
OR RENTING?

RENTING,
RIGHT NOW,
BUT WE...

THAT'S ALL FOR THE **BEST**,
HONEY. BELIEVE ME, BUYING
A HOUSE IN A COLLEGE TOWN
IS A FRIGGING PAIN IN THE
ASS... AT **OUR** HOUSE ALL
I DO IS TAKE CARE OF
HENRY... **HENRY!** WE'RE
GOING TO FRESHEN OUR
DRINKS... **STAY PUT!**

DROP
DEAD,
BILLIE!

GIMMEE A B... GIMMEE AN I... GIMMEE A T... GIMMEE A ... YOU KNOW THE REST, EH, KIDDIES? HEH-HEH-HEH! THE CHEER IS AS OLD AS MARRIAGE ITSELF!

CHALK UP ANOTHER KILL FOR BILLIE... THE RED BARON PALES INTO INSIGNIFICANCE COMPARED TO HER!

HEY, COME ON. IT'S NOT THAT BAD...

HOW I'VE GROWN TO HATE HER, DEX...

HENRY, YOU DON'T...

THERE'S A TELEPHONE CALL FOR YOU, PROFESSOR STANLEY.

JUST CALL ME **BILLIE!** EVERYONE DOES!

DUTY CALLS, HENRY... SEE YOU LATER, OKAY?

HELLO? DEXTER STANLEY HERE...

PROFESSOR STANLEY? THIS IS MIKE LATIMER, JANITOR AT THE COLLEGE? I FOUND SOMETHIN' YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN...

MIKE TELLS OF HIS DISCOVERY...

...AN' IT SAYS **ARCTIC EXPEDITION, 1834**...

1834? REALLY?

...WHILE OUTSIDE, WILMA GOES FROM **BAD** TO... WELL...

...SO I SAID, HENRY, YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR BUTT FROM **THIRD BASE!** IF YOU THINK I... **OOOOPS!**

WELL, I'LL BE SURE TO CHECK IT OUT FIRST THING ON **MONDAY**...

I KNOW YOU GOT THE PARTY FOR THE INCOMING FACULTY AN' ALL, BUT I SURE WISH...

OH, YOUR POOR **TIE!** HERE, LEMME HELP...

Y'KNOW, MIKE, MAYBE I **COULD** GET UP THERE THIS AFTERNOON. IT'S A PRETTY **DULL** PARTY...

SAY, THAT'D BE **GREAT**, PROFESSOR! I'LL BE WAITIN' RIGHT HERE...

SO IT'S RUINED, SO WHAT?
BUY A NEW ONE! IT'S ONLY
MONEY, I ALWAYS SAY! ISN'T
THAT RIGHT, HENRY?

THERE GOES HENRY'S
PROMOTION, POOR DEVIL...
MAYBE I SHOULD... NO, BETTER
TO LEAVE IT FOR NOW... ANYWAY,
I'LL SEE HIM TONIGHT... MIGHT
EVEN LET HIM BEAT
ME AT CHESS...

...AN HOUR LATER, AT
AMBERSON HALL...

...SO I MISSED IT
AN' IT ROLLED UNDER
THERE... WOULDN'T'VE
BOtherED, BUT IT WAS
MY LAST QUARTER
FOR THE COKE
MACHINE...

I'M NOT GETTING
A GOOD LOOK, MIKE.
RAISE THE LIGHT
A BIT... OH, YES!
THERE IT IS...

SURE LOOKS OLD
ENOUGH... LET'S GET
THIS GRILL OFF AND
HAVE A CLOSER
LOOK...

THOUGHT
YOU'D NEVER
ASK, PRO-
FESSOR!

...LONG MINUTES AND
SEVERAL SCRAPED
KNUCKLES LATER...

THERE WE
GO! WATCH IT,
DOC... HEAVY
SUCKER...

I'M OKAY, MIKE.
LET'S GET THAT
CRATE OUT OF
THERE.

NOT VERY
NICE UNDER
THERE, AT ALL!
GOD, I HATE
TIGHT PLACES.

I THINK
GRUNT: WE
MIGHT REALLY
HAVE SOMETHING
HERE... LET'S
TAKE IT DOWN
TO THE MAIN
LAB...

STRAINING AND HEAVING, THE TWO MEN MANAGE TO GET THE CRATE DOWN THE HALL, INTO THE LAB AND...

...ONTO THE TABLE *gasp* THERE! WE... WHAT'S *WRONG*, MIKE?

I... *LORD!!* I DUNNO...

... FELT LIKE... WELL, LIKE SOMETHING *MOVED* IN THERE... DIDN'T YOU *FEEL* IT?

IF THERE EVER *WERE* ANY LIVING SPECIMENS IN THERE I DOUBT IF THEY'RE FEELING VERY *LIVELY* A HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIX YEARS...

SURE! BUT, IT FELT LIKE SOMETHING *SHIFTED*...

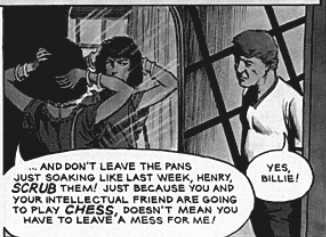
...GUESS I BEEN SPENDIN' TOO MUCH TIME IN THE HOT SUN, HUH, DOC?

MAYBE, MIKE! LET'S GET IT *OPEN!*

SURE! I GOT A *CROWBAR* IN MY CLOSET... JUST WAIT WHILE I GO GET IT...

...UH-OH... NOT GOOD, DEX! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TURNED TO WATCH MIKE LEAVE! IF YOU'D KEPT LOOKING AT THE CRATE, YOU MIGHT HAVE SEEN IT *MOVE*... JUST A LITTLE... BUT IT *DID MOVE*... HEE-HEE...

MEANWHILE, WILMA'S GETTING READY TO GO TO HER NIGHT-CLASS... AT LEAST, SHE *SAYS* SHE'S GOING TO A CLASS! AND IF SHE LOOKS MORE AS IF SHE'S PLANNING TO BOOGIE DOWN TO THE LOCAL DISCO... WELL...



... AND DON'T LEAVE THE PANS JUST SOAKING LIKE LAST WEEK, HENRY, *SCRUB* THEM! JUST BECAUSE YOU AND YOUR INTELLECTUAL FRIEND ARE GOING TO PLAY *CHESS*, DOESN'T MEAN YOU HAVE TO LEAVE A MESS FOR ME!

YES, BILLIE!

AND KINDLY HAVE HIM OUT OF HERE BEFORE MY CLASS IS OVER. FRANKLY, THAT TOBACCO HE SMOKES MAKES ME WANT TO *RALPH!!*

YES, BILLIE!



"YES, BILLIE, YES, BILLIE!" DEAR HENRY, WHAT *WOULD* YOU DO WITHOUT ME?

I DON'T KNOW, BILLIE...



WELL, ON *THAT*, WE'RE EVEN, HENRY, BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW *EITHER!*

DO ME A FAVOR, WILMA! HAVE A FEW *MORE* ON THE WAY IN AND *KILL* YOURSELF... YOU MAD-DOG BITCH!



... BACK AT THE LAB...



THAT'S GOT THE *CHAINS*, DOC... CARE TO DO THE HONORS?

BE MY GUEST, MIKE. IT'S *YOUR* FIND...



PROBABLY NOTHIN' IN HERE BUT A BUNCH OF ROCKS AND PLANTS SO OLD THEY'LL TURN TO DUST IF YOU TOUCH 'EM...

...BUT I'M PRETTY HOT TO SEE, JUST THE SAME...





THAT'S WHAT MAKES SCIENTISTS, MIKE. JUST LAST YEAR WE FOUND AN ANTIQUE GERBIL— RUN UP ON THE FOURTH FLOOR...



...LOVELY GLASS PANELS... PROBABLY WORTH A THOUSAND OR TWO...



...BUT I'M STILL BETTING *YOUR* CRATE'S FULL OF OLD MAGAZINES OR JUST PLAIN JUNK...

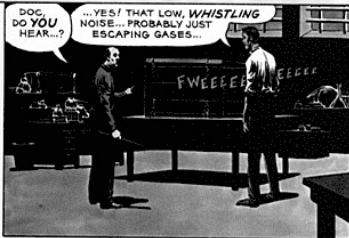
YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT, DOC...



...STILL... THAT *ARCTIC EXPEDITION* BUSINESS... AND THE *DATE*...

YEAH! KINDA MAKES YOU WONDER IF... MAYBE...

SURE HOPE YOU FELLOWS DIDN'T WAKE ANYTHING UP...HEE-HEE!



DOC, DO YOU HEAR...?

...YES! THAT LOW, *WHISTLING* NOISE... PROBABLY JUST ESCAPING GASES...



...EXCEPT IT'S *STILL* WHISTLING! I DON'T KNOW IF...

LOOK! SOMETHIN' IN THERE! SOMETHIN' *SHINY!*

DEX STANLEY IS GRIPPED WITH A SUDDEN, ATAVISTIC FEAR...



...LOOKS LIKE A COUPLA *EMERALDS*, OR...

MIKE! DON'T...

...THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH SCIENCE!



WHAT? OH, PROFESSOR, COME *ON*... YOU DON'T...



...!?



OH MY GOD!! MY ARM! IT'S GOT ME!! OH, GOD, HELP ME...

HELP ME!!
OH, HELP ME,
DOC...

IT'S GOT
ME!!

HOLD ON,
MIKE!

IT'S BITING
MEEEEEE!!

HOLD
ON, NOW!

OH, DEAR
LORD!!

MIKE!!

...GET ME OUT!
IT'S BITING
ME!!

MIKE!!
OH, GOD!
MIKE!!

OH GOD THAT
HURTS! IT HURTS!!
IT HURRRRR--

OH MIKE
SOB!
MIKE...

IT HURTS!!
IT'S BITING...
IT...ARRGHHH!

MIKE'S SCREAMS ARE CUT SHORT... REPLACED BY THE SOUNDS OF... **CRUNCHING...** OF **CRACKING BONES...**

...THE SICKENINGLY UNMISTAKABLE SOUNDS...

OF **EATING!**

...UNTIL THEY ARE REPLACED BY A SOFT, DRIPPING SOUND...
...LIKE **RAIN...**

HE... HE'S DEAD!! OH, LORD!!

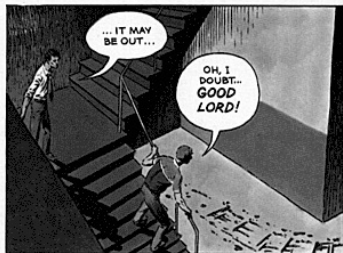
I'VE GOT TO...**CHOKE?**

...HELP! MUST FIND SOMEONE TO...

**HELP!
HELP!!**

... HELP... I...
CHARLIE!
CHARLIE GERESON!
THANK GOD!

PROFESSOR
STANLEY!
WHA...?







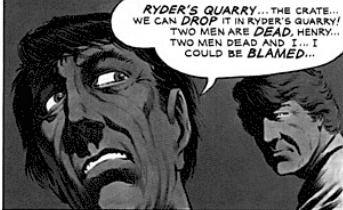
AT HENRY'S...

...AND THAT WAS THE LAST I SAW OF HIM... HIS LEGS DISAPPEARING UNDER THE STAIRWELL... I... I WOULD HAVE SAVED HIM IF I COULD, HENRY... I... I CAME HERE...



YES, HENRY *BELIEVES* YOU, ALL RIGHT, DEX... AND HE SEES CERTAIN *POSSIBILITIES* IN THE SITUATION...

RYDER'S QUARRY... THE CRATE... WE CAN *DROP* IT IN RYDER'S QUARRY! TWO MEN ARE *DEAD*, HENRY... TWO MEN DEAD AND I... I COULD BE *BLAMED*...



HENRY... *HENRY?* YOU *DO* BELIEVE ME, DON'T YOU, HENRY?

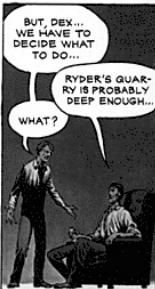
YES, DEX... I BELIEVE YOU...



BUT, DEX... WE HAVE TO DECIDE WHAT TO DO...

RYDER'S QUARRY IS PROBABLY DEEP ENOUGH...

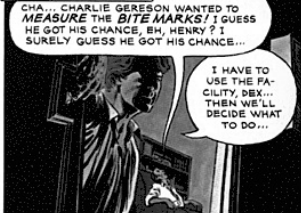
WHAT?



...AND HENRY HAS HIS *OWN* MONSTER, DOESN'T HE, KIDDIES?

CHA... CHARLIE GERESON WANTED TO *MEASURE* THE *BITE MARKS*! I GUESS HE GOT HIS CHANCE, EH, HENRY? I SURELY GUESS HE GOT HIS CHANCE...

I HAVE TO USE THE FACILITY, DEX... THEN WE'LL DECIDE WHAT TO DO...



A MONSTER NAMED WILMA!!

POOR GUY'S IN SHOCK... *HYSTERICAL*... NEEDS REST... NOW WHERE ARE WILMA'S *SLEEPING PILLS*?



THESE SHOULD DO THE TRICK... THEY CERTAINLY WORK FOR WILMA...



WILMA... OH, YES... *WILMA*...



SHE'S NEVER FAR FROM YOUR THOUGHTS, IS SHE, HENRY? THAT SHRILL, BRAYING VOICE IS ALWAYS THERE... TELLING YOU... REMINDING...

"OH, HENRY, HA-HA! YOU'RE SUCH A *CHILD*..."



NOTE? WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?

WILMA,
I'VE HAD TO
LEAVE IN A HURRY
BECAUSE OF A CALL
FROM DEXTER STAN-
LEY. HE SEEMS TO
HAVE GOTTEN
HIMSELF INTO
A GREAT DEAL
OF TROUBLE...

...AT LEAST
THE BLOOD'S
NOT COMPLETELY
DRY YET...

...MAKES
IT A LITTLE
EASIER TO
CLEAN...

...IT SEEMS WE GOT A
YOUNG WOMAN TO AC-
COMPANY HIM TO AMBER-
SON HALL, AND THEN
ATTACKED HER. I'M SOR-
RY BUT THAT'S THE
KINDEST WAY TO
PUT IT...

OH, HENRY THIS
IS *GOOD!*
DEX STAN-
LEY - A
SEX
FIEND!

...THERE...
THERE'S JUST
SO MUCH OF IT...
NEVER SEEN SO
MUCH BLOOD...

...I TRIED TO GET HIM TO TELL
ME WHAT HAPPENED BUT HE ON-
LY KEPT REPEATING "IT'S AWFUL,"
HENRY, IT'S AWFUL!" WILMA,
COULD YOU COME OUT HERE?
I KNOW IT'S ASKING A LOT...

OH, NO, HENRY!
IT'S NOT ASKING A
LOT *AT ALL*, BE-
LIEVE YOU ME...
I CAN'T WAIT!

...HAVE TO HURRY!
WILMA WILL BE SHOW-
ING UP HERE ANY TIME
NOW... HAVE TO
BE READY...

...BUT YOU'RE ALWAYS SO CLEAR-HEADED
ABOUT THESE THINGS. AS YOU SO OFTEN
SAY, WHAT WOULD I DO WITHOUT YOU?

WHAT,
INDEED,
HENRY HA-HA!
WHAT
INDEED?

...A BIT LATER, AT
AMBERSON HALL...

HENRY?
WHERE ARE
YOU?

DOWN
HERE, WILMA...



THE *GIRL*,
HENRY... WHERE
IS SHE? WHERE...
WHAT ARE YOU
LAUGHING AT...

IT... HEH-HEH...
IT DOES HAVE ITS
FUNNY SIDE, BILLIE...
...C'MON, YOU'LL SEE...



YOUR BEST FRIEND
GETS INTO A SCRAPE
AND YOU'RE LAUGH-
ING? WHAT KIND OF...

BUT IT... HEH-HEH... IT'S SO
FUNNY, BILLIE! C'MON, *LOOK!*
SHE'S CRAWLED UNDER THE
STAIRWELL... *LOOK*, BILLIE...
YOU'LL LAUGH TOO! YOU...
HEH-HEH... YOU'LL *DIE*
LAUGHING!!



GO ON, BILLIE!
LOOK! TAKE A LOOK,
AND *DIE* LAUGHING!
LOOK, YOU *BITCH*!!

HENRY! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING?



WHAT I *SHOULD* HAVE
DONE A LONG TIME AGO!
GET UNDER THERE,
WILMA!!



C'MON *OUT!*
WAKE *UP* WHAT-
EVER YOU ARE!



WAKE UP!
DINNER TIME!!
POISON MEAT!
WAKE UP!

JUST TELL
IT TO CALL
YOU *BILLIE*,
YOU *BITCH*!



...JUST TELL
IT... TO...
CALL...



OH, THAT WAS
GREAT, HENRY...
JUST *GREAT!!*
YOU THINK THIS
IS THE *FRIDAY*
NIGHT FIGHTS?



IS THAT WHAT YOU
THINK, HENRY? WANNA
SEE SOME *REAL*
PUNCHING? HUH, HENRY?

YOU KNOW WHAT, HENRY? YOU'RE A REGULAR BARNYARD EXHIBIT-- EVERYTHING ROLLED UP INTO ONE, SHEEP EYES, CHICKEN GUTS, PIGGY FRIENDS...AND CRAP FOR BRAINS! NO GOOD AT DEPARTMENTAL POLITICS, NO GOOD AT MAKING AN IMPRESSION...



... AND NO GOOD AT ALL IN BED!! DEX STANLEY MAY BE A RAPIST BUT AT LEAST HE'S STILL GOT SOME RAM IN HIS RAMROD! WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU...



...YOU... GOT... IT...



GOOD LORD!!

DON'T... HEH-HEH... DON'T HURT IT, NOW, WILMA...



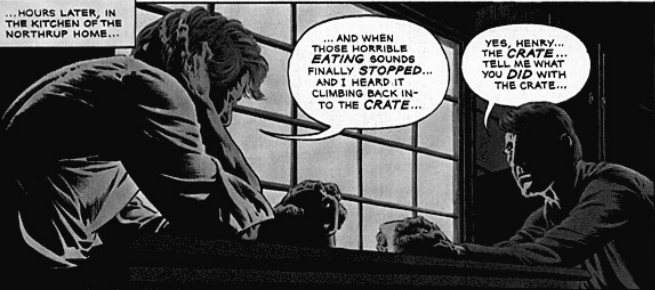
...OFFER IT... HEH-HEH... OFFER IT A DRINK AND TELL IT...



...TO JUST CALL YOU BILLIE...



...HOURS LATER, IN THE KITCHEN OF THE NORTHROP HOME...



... AND WHEN THOSE HORRIBLE **EATING SOUNDS** FINALLY **STOPPED**... AND I HEARD IT CLIMBING BACK IN-TO THE **CRATE**...

YES, HENRY... THE **CRATE**... TELL ME WHAT YOU **DID** WITH THE **CRATE**...

THAT'S THE **BEAUTY** OF IT! YOU PUT THE FINAL PIECE IN THE JIGSAW YOURSELF... THE **CRATE** IS AT THE BOTTOM OF **RYDER'S QUARRY**...



...AFTER WILMA WAS... **AFTERWARDS**, WHEN I WAS CERTAIN THE THING WAS BACK IN THE **CRATE**, I CHAINED IT UP, AGAIN. FOUND A COUPLE OF LOCKS IN THE JANITOR'S CLOSET... THE BEAST WOKE UP OR CAME TO OR WHATEVER... MADE A HELL OF A RACKET, BUT FINALLY SETTLED DOWN...



...AT ANY **OTHER** TIME OF YEAR, I COULD NEVER HAVE DONE IT, YOU KNOW... BUT, RIGHT NOW THE CAMPUS IS **DESERTED**... I DIDN'T SEE ANOTHER LIVING SOUL... THE WHOLE THING WAS ALMOST **HELLISHLY PERFECT**...



... ANYWAY, I DROVE OUT TO **RYDER'S QUARRY**... I COULD **HEAR** THE THING INSIDE THE **CRATE** AND I THINK MAYBE, AT THE VERY END, IT SUSPECTED WHAT WAS HAPPENING...



...SO THE **CRATE** IS NOW AT THE BOTTOM OF **RYDER'S QUARRY**... WITH THE REMAINS OF THREE HUMAN BEINGS IN IT...

SK-LASHH

...WELL, **TWO** HUMAN BEINGS... AND **WILMA**...

THEN YOU CAME BACK HERE?

FIRST I WENT BACK TO AMBERSON HALL... AND **CLEANED** UNDER THE STAIRS...

THERE WAS A LOT OF STUFF FROM WILMA'S PURSE... THE JANITOR'S KEYRING...

...I THINK I CLEANED UP **EVERYTHING**...

THE QUESTION IS, WHAT HAPPENS **NOW?**

...THERE ARE NO SIGNS OF **FOUL PLAY**... I SAW TO THAT...

...AND THERE REALLY ARE **NO BODIES**...

...WHAT ABOUT YOU, DEX? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO SAY?

NOTHING, HENRY... AFTER ALL, WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?

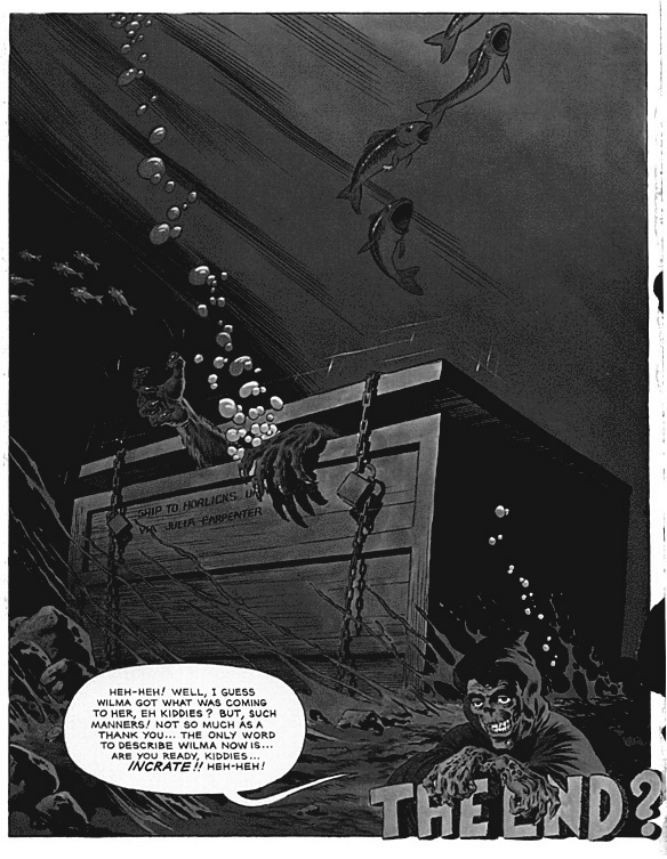
THANK YOU... **THANK YOU, DEX...**

NO NEED TO THANK ME, HENRY. JUST UNDERSTAND THAT I EXPECT TO WHIP YOUR BUTT AT **CHESS** TWICE A WEEK FOR THE REST OF OUR **LIVES**...

WELL, WE'LL SEE ABOUT **THAT**, WON'T WE?

ONLY ONE THING **BOTHERS** ME... WHAT IF IT GETS **OUT**, HENRY?

IF YOU SAW THE WAY I CHAINED IT UP, YOU WOULDN'T WORRY, DEX. THAT THING IS **DROWNED** IN ITS BOX SEVENTY FEET DOWN... SO **RELAX**...



HEH-HEH! WELL, I GUESS
WILMA GOT WHAT WAS COMING
TO HER, EH KIDDIES? BUT, SUCH
MANNERS! NOT SO MUCH AS A
THANK YOU... THE ONLY WORD
TO DESCRIBE WILMA NOW IS...
ARE YOU READY, KIDDIES...
INCRATE!! HEH-HEH!

THE END?



HEH-HEH! HELLO, AGAIN, KIDDIES!
MY LAST STORY WAS SO GRUELING, I
THOUGHT I'D TAKE A VACATION... A LITTLE
TRIP TO THE SEASHORE! OF COURSE THIS
REMINDS ME OF YET ANOTHER **AWFUL**
ANECDOTE... BUT THE TIDE'S COMING
IN SO I'D BETTER GET STARTED! I
CALL THIS ONE...

SOMETHING
TO TIDE YOU
OVER

YOU SEE, KIDDIES, HARRY WENTWORTH HAS
BEEN HAVING HIMSELF A GOOD TIME WITH
BECKY VICKERS... THE ONLY PROBLEM IS RICH-
ARD VICKERS, BECKY'S HUSBAND, WHO IS JUST
A WEE BIT UPSET OVER THIS ARRANGEMENT
AND MEANS TO SEE THAT HARRY GETS HIS
COMEUPPANCE... CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUN-
ISHMENT FOR A CHARGE OF UNLAWFUL
ENTRY, YOU MIGHT SAY... HEH-HEH...



PLEASE, RICHARD...
DON'T DO ANYTHING
YOU'LL **REGRET**
LATER... YOU HAVE
TO UNDERSTAND...
WE WERE IN LOVE...

LOVE?
NO, YOU WERE
BOFFING EACH
OTHER, HARRY!
THERE'S A **BIG**
DIFFERENCE!

... AND THAT
WAS MY **WIFE**
YOU WERE
BOFFING!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING? DON'T LEAVE ME LIKE THIS!

OH, BUT I MUST LEAVE, HARRY OLD BOY... THE TIDE'S COMING IN AND I DON'T WANT TO GET MY SHOES WET...

... BUT YOU HAVE A LITTLE TIME, HARRY-- A FEW MINUTES, MAYBE... TO THINK ABOUT HOW YOU GOT YOURSELF INTO THIS MESS...

... TIME TO REMEMBER, HARRY... TIME TO *REMEMBER* ...

YES, HARRY... REMEMBER...

... REMEMBER THIS MORNING WHEN RICHARD CAME TO YOUR APARTMENT?

NICE PLACE, HARRY... I BET BECKY JUST LOVED IT... POOR BECKY... IT REALLY IS TOO BAD...

WHAT'S THIS ABOUT BECKY...?

... REMEMBER HOW HE SLID THE CASSETTE INTO THE TAPE PLAYER?

LET'S LET BECKY TELL IT HERSELF... IN HER OWN WORDS...

HARRY... PLEASE... HE'S GOT... ME... PLEASE COME... HARRY... PLEASE!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH HER?! TELL ME, GODDAMNIT OR I'LL KILL YOU!!

BE SMART, HARRY! CHOK ME AND YOU'LL NEVER KNOW...

... THAT'S BETTER! AND BELIEVE ME, HARRY, YOU *WANT* TO KNOW, BECAUSE BY ELEVEN THIS MORNING, IT'S GOING TO BE TOO... LATE!

... YES, HARRY... REMEMBER... REMEMBER THE DRIVE TO THE BEACH... REMEMBER RICHARD'S *CONFIDENT*, OVERLY *CASUAL* MANNER? HE WAS IN *CONTROL* FROM THE START, WASN'T HE, HARRY? HE HELD THE TRUMP CARD... HE HAD *BECKY*... SO WHEN HE PULLED THE *GUN* AND ORDERED YOU TO CLIMB INTO THE *HOLE* HE'D DUG EARLIER, YOU *KNEW* YOU'D DO IT... YOU HAD NO *CHOICE*...

YOU... YOU'RE *INSANE*, AREN'T YOU?!

IT MAY BE THAT ON *SOME* SUBJECTS, HARRY, I'M *NOT* ENTIRELY SANE. AND ON THE SUBJECT OF WHAT'S MINE-- I'M NOT SANE -- AT ALL!

NOW, GET IN THE HOLE, HARRY!

YOU KEPT THINKING IT WOULD
END, DIDN'T YOU, HARRY-BOY?



VERY GOOD, HARRY! NOW
START PULLING SAND
INTO THE
HOLE...

BUT IT WENT ON...

...IT'S HIP-HIGH... GOOD BOY,
HARRY, GOOD BOY! NOW, HANDS
IN POCKETS AND STAND
VERY, *VERY* STILL...



...AND ON...

...BECAUSE IF YOU *MOVE*,
JUST THE TINIEST BIT, I
MIGHT HAVE TO TAKE MY
SHOVEL AND SMASH
YOUR GODDAMNED
HEAD IN... AND I
WOULD NOT WANT
TO DO THAT,
HARRY... OH, NO...



...AND ON! UNTIL YOU REALIZE, FOR THE FIRST
TIME, THAT *SOME* NIGHTMARES *NEVER* END!



THERE, THAT'S
GOT IT! DON'T GO
AWAY, HARRY...
I'LL BE RIGHT
BACK...

...REMEMBER HOW WHEN
HE'D FINISHED, HE TURN-
ED AND WALKED AWAY?



RICHARD! DON'T
GO... DON'T LEAVE
ME... PLEASE...

...HOW HE'D RETURNED
MOMENTS LATER, THE
TV CABLE TRAILING
BEHIND HIM LIKE A
HUGE BLACK SNAKE?



SEE, HARRY?
I TOLD YOU I'D
BE RIGHT
BACK...

...AND THEN, INCREDIBLY,
HE'D SET UP THE TRIPOD...
TOPPED BY A SMALL
VIDI-CAM?



HOW'S THE ANGLE,
HARRY? THAT'S IT, LOOK
RIGHT INTO THE LENS...
SAY CHEEESE!

...THEN CONNec-
TED THE WIRES...

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT POWER,
HARRY... THIS
CABLE RUNS
BACK TO MY
HOUSE... ABOUT
A QUARTER MILE
FROM HERE...



...HOW HE THEN
SET UP THE
MONITOR?



COMFORTABLE,
HARRY? GOOD...

...REMEMBER HOW YOU SCREAMED WHEN
HE SWITCHED IT ON, HARRY? SCREAMED
BECAUSE OF WHAT YOU SAW??



!!!!IT'S
SHOWTIME!!

BECKY!!

GREAT VIDEO, HUH?
I LOVE THIS STUFF!
LOOK AT THE QUALITY
OF THAT PICTURE,
HARRY-BOY!

BECKY!
OH LORD!!
BECKYYY!

SHE CAN'T HEAR YOU... SORRY,
BUT SHE LOST THE COIN-TOSS,
AND I PUT HER FURTHER DOWN
THE BEACH. I PROMISED YOU'D
SEE HER AGAIN, HARRY...
AND I ALWAYS KEEP
MY PROMISES...

YOU'RE
INSANE
AREN'T YOU?
MY GOD!
INSANE!

INSANE? MAYBE... OR MAYBE
I'M JUST A **VIDEO FREAK!** I
TOLD YOU I LOVE THIS STUFF,
HARRY... I'M A **COLLECTOR!**
I WANT TO **SAVE** THIS...

YOU
BASTARD!

IT'S JUST A
MATTER OF **CON-**
TROL, HARRY...

...THERE'S A CHANCE
...IF YOU JUST KEEP
YOUR **HEAD**...

...I THINK SHE'S **LOST**
HERS, DON'T YOU, HARRY?

OH, MY GOD!
SHE'S **UNCONSCIOUS!**
OR... OR **DEAD!**

THAT'S RIGHT, HARRY. AND IF
SHE'S **NOT** DEAD, SHE **SOON WILL BE!**
ENJOYING YOURSELF? FEEL HOW FAST
YOUR HEART IS BEATING, HARRY?
MAKES IT HARDER TO BREATHE,
DONES'T IT? MY, BUT HOW LATE
IT'S GETTING! I REALLY MUST
TROT, HARRY! ENJOY THE
SHOW, AT LEAST UNTIL
YOUR MONITOR
SHORTS OUT...

NO!
WAIT, RICHARD!
PLEASE...DON'T
LEAVE ME!!

OH, BUT I **REALLY** HAVE TO GO, HARRY, OLD BOY...
IF YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED YET, THE **TIDE'S** COMING
IN! SEE YOU LATER, HARRY... ON MY **VCR!!**

NO! COME
BACK! DON'T
LEAVE ME
HERE! COME
BAAAACK!!

BUT HE DOESN'T COME BACK, DOES HE, HARRY? YOU'RE ALL **ALONE** NOW... JUST YOU... THE RISING TIDE... THE PANIC IN YOUR BRAIN... THE BLACK HORROR IN YOUR GUTS!

NO!
NOOOOO!!
GLUB

...AND IN THE **BACKWASH** OF THAT **FIRST** WAVE, YOU GLANCE OVER AT THE MONITOR TO SEE THAT BECKY HAS PAID THE **FINAL PRICE** FOR LOSING HER **HEAD**...

BECKY! OH, GOD... BECKY!!
SOB

...BUT WHEN THE **SECOND** WAVE HITS YOU, YOU FIND IT A BIT **DIFFICULT** TO THINK ABOUT BECKY, DON'T YOU, HARRY?

BECK--
CHOKE

...NO, YOU'RE NOT THINKING ABOUT BECKY AT ALL, ANYMORE, HARRY... BECAUSE AS THAT SECOND WAVE RECEDES, YOU CAN SEE THE **NEXT** ONE COMING...

OH GASP
DEAR GOD!!
SPUTTER: NO!
NO!!

...AND YOU CAN **TELL** JUST BY **LOOKING**...

NO!
NOOOOO!!
CHOKE

...THAT *THIS* WAVE HAS
YOUR NAME ON IT!!



BUT LATER, ON THE BEACH, RICHARD FINDS THAT TWO VERY *IMPORTANT* PIECES ARE *MISSING*...

WHERE THE
HELL ARE
THE BODIES?

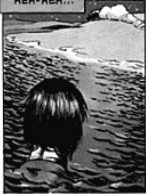


... I SUPPOSE THEY *COULD*
HAVE *SURVIVED*... NO...
ONE, MAYBE, BUT CERTAIN-
LY NOT *BOTH* OF THEM...

... BESIDES, I WATCHED
HARRY ON MY MONITOR...
WATCHED HIM *DIE!*

... THE *CURRENT* PUL-
LED HIM OUT... PULLED
THEM *BOTH* OUT...
YES, THE *CURRENT*...
THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED
ALL RIGHT...

THE *CURRENT*... SURE,
RICHARD... THE *CURRENT!*
BUT SOMETHING HAS
STARTED TO GNAW AT
YOUR NERVES... HEH-
HEH-HEH...



"... BEAUTIFUL HOUSE IN THE
COUNTRY, UPSTAIRS AND DOWN, BEER
FLOWING OVER YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S
PAISLEY SHAWL ... " ?CLICK?

... SEEN "THE BANK
DICK" A THOUSAND
TIMES, ANYWAY... I NEED
A SHOWER... WASH SOME
OF THIS SAND OUT
OF MY HAIR...

... AND SOME OF THE
BLOOD OFF YOUR *HANDS*.
EH, RICHARD, HEH-HEH...

AAAAH!
MUCH
BETTER...

YOU CAN'T *HEAR* TOO WELL WITH THE
WATER RUNNING, CAN YOU, RICHARD?
YOU CAN'T *HEAR* THAT SOUND OF
WATER-LOGGED FOOTSTEPS...



... BUT YOU CAN **SMELL** IT, CAN'T YOU, RICHARD? THAT AWFUL LOW-TIDE **STENCH** UNDERLAI D WITH... SOMETHING ELSE?



TURN OFF THE WATER, RICHARD! **AHH, NOW** YOU CAN **HEAR** IT...



... YOU CAN **HEAR** IT GETTING **LOUDER... CLOSER...** IT SOUNDS ALMOST AS IF IT'S RIGHT OUTSIDE YOUR **BEDROOM DOOR...**



I'VE GOT THE **GUN**, DEAR BOY, AND BELIEVE ME, I'LL USE IT...



I'LL SHOOT YOU DEA-- **GOOD LORD!!**



THEY'RE COMING **CLOSER**, RICHARD! **DO** SOMETHING!



HEH-HEH! **NOW** DO SOMETHING ELSE...



... OKAY, RICHARD! IF THE **BULLETS** DON'T STOP THEM...



... WHY NOT TRY **THROWING** THE **GUN**? OH, THAT'S A **BLIING** HELP, RICHARD... **VERY** SMART!



...NOW **RUN, RICHARD! HIDE!**
THAT'S IT! THE **BATHROOM...**



...WE WANT TO
SEE YOU, RICHARD...

...SLAM THE **DOOR, RICHARD!**
THROW THE **BOLT!**
VERY GOOD... AND NOW...



TURN AROUND, RICHARD... HEH-HEH!



**OH GOD!
NO!!**

WE DUG
A **HOLE** FOR
YOU, RICHARD...

...YES...
A **HOLE...**

...ON THE
BEACH...



...BELOW
THE **HIGH
TIDE LINE...**



**NO!
STAY
AWAY!!**

LET'S GO
TO THE **BEACH,**
RICHARD...

THE **BEACH**
IS **FUN,**
RICHARD...
LOTS OF
FUN...



**NO!
NOOOO!!**

...WE WANT TO SEE
IF YOU CAN **KEEP**
YOUR **HEAD,**
RICHARD...

...IF YOU DON'T
PANIC. IF YOU
CAN HOLD YOUR
BREATH FOR A
LONG TIME...



COME WITH US,
RICHARD...

...TO THE
BEACH...
COME
WITH US...



**!!!!IT'S
SHOWTIME!!**



LATER THAT NIGHT, THE *MONITOR* IN RICHARD'S LIVING ROOM PLAYS TO AN *EMPTY HOUSE*...



HA-HAH, HA-HA-HA-HA...

...WHILE ON THE *BEACH*, AT THE *LIVE PERFORMANCE*...



HA-HA... I CAN... HA-HA... I CAN HOLD MY BREATH A LONG LONG TIME... HA-HA-HA...

TAKE A *LOOK* AT THOSE TWO SETS OF *FOOTPRINTS*, RICHARD... TAKE A GOOD, *LONG* LOOK... BECAUSE IT'S THE *LAST* THING YOU'LL EVER *SEE*...



HEH-HEH! LOOKS LIKE RICHARD GOT HIMSELF IN OVER HIS HEAD, EH KIDDIES? NO? WELL, IT'LL BE OVER HIS HEAD SOON ENOUGH, HEH-HEH! AND LISTEN TO HIM LAUGH! IT'S ENOUGH TO DRIVE YOU CRAZY! OF COURSE, I'VE BEEN CRAZY FOR YEARS, SO IT DOESN'T REALLY BOTHER ME... READY FOR SOME MORE PUTRID PROSE, KIDDIES? HEE-HEE...

THE
END

HEH-HEH! WELL, KIDDIES, IT SEEMS YOU'VE CAUGHT ME *MOONLIGHTING*! LET ME TELL *YOU* THIS JOB IS ENOUGH TO DRIVE YA *BUGS*! THE LI'L SUCKERS *HIDE* EVERYWHERE! TAKE IT FROM ME, KIDDIES, YOU GOTTA STAY ALERT, BECAUSE...

**THEY'RE
CREEPING
UP ON YOU**



THIS IS THE APARTMENT OF UPSON PRATT! OLE UPSON IS RICH ENOUGH TO MAKE MOST OIL SHEIKS LOOK LIKE *NEWSBOYS*! THE PLACE IS A BIT ON THE STARK SIDE, EH, KIDDIES? EMPTY, AUSTERE... ANTISEPTIC... YOU MIGHT SAY *THIS DUDE'S MOTTO* IS "*CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO PRATTLINESS!*"

BASTARD!



BASTARDS!
GODDAMNED
BUGS!

O.K., **EVERYBODY OUT
OF THE POOL! I OWN THE
GODDAMN BUILDING** AND THERE'S
NOT GOING TO BE ANYMORE
DAMN... **BUGS!**

HEADS ARE GOING TO **ROLL**,
I PROMISE YOU **THAT!** OH, YES!
THIS HAS GONE QUITE FAR
ENOUGH, AND FOR **FAR TOO
LONG!** NO MORE DAMN
BUGS! BAS...

ALRIGHT!
HOLD YOUR
WATER!

HELLO! IS
THAT YOU,
WHITE?

NO, MR. PRATT!
IT'S GEORGE
GENDRON...

WHAT THE HELL ARE
YOU DOING IN THE OFFICE
AT 9:30, GEORGE? NO OVER-
TIME AT THE EXECUTIVE
LEVEL, YOU KNOW...

IT'S ABOUT THE PACIFIC
AERODYNE TAKEOVER...

**BUGGER PAC-
IFIC AERODYNE!**
CASTONMEYER
IS OLD NEWS...
A X@:ING
DINOSAUR!

I FOUND ANOTHER **COCK-
ROACH** TONIGHT, GEORGE...
IN MY SUPPOSEDLY **GERM
PROOF** APARTMENT! HOW CAN
AN APARTMENT BE GERM-
PROOF IF IT'S NOT EVEN
BUGPROOF?

I'LL TELL YOU, GEORGE, I'M
GOING TO CLEAR **UP** THIS COCK-
ROACH PROBLEM ONCE AND
FOR **ALL!** I'M NOT GOING TO
HAVE **BUGS** IN **MY** BUILD-
ING. I LOATHE **BUGS!**

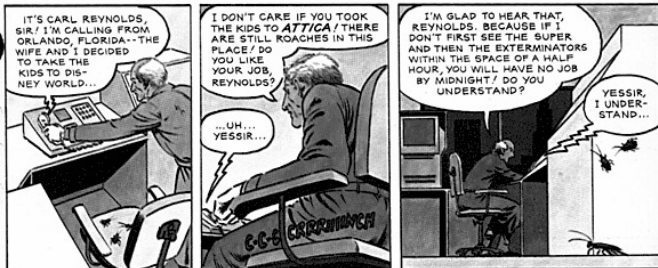
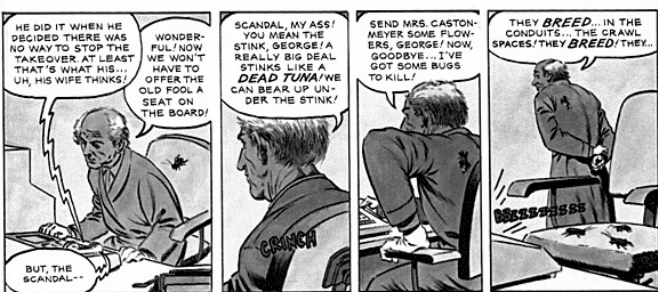
UH, MR.
PRATT...

...ABOUT THE
TAKEOVER...

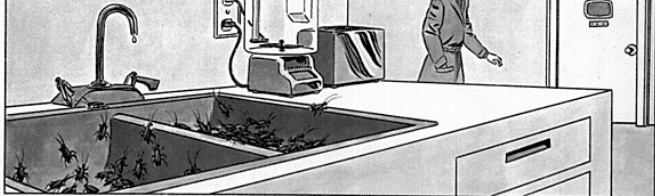
THEY **HIDE**,
GEORGE... AND
THEY... THEY **CREEP!**
THEY CREEP UP
ON YOU...

...NORMAN CASTON-
MEYER **SHOT** HIMSELF
AN HOUR AGO, SIR!

WHAT?



OLE PRATT SEEMS TO BE MISSING A LOT OF ACTIVITY TONIGHT... LIKE THE FLOOD OF ROACHES IN HIS OTHERWISE SPOTLESS KITCHEN SINK...



TALK TO ME, WHITE!

GOOD EVENIN' THERE, MR. PRATT!



GOT BUGS AGAIN, HUH, MR. PRATT?



BUGS? YOU WAIT RIGHT THERE, WHITE...



...I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING THAT'LL GIVE YOU NIGHTMARES! I'LL...



IT... IT'S GONE! DAMNED BUG-SPRAY'S NO GOOD... MUST'VE ONLY STUNNED IT!

UH...YOU THERE, MR. PRATT?



YES, YES, I'M HERE, BUT THE BUG'S GONE! IT...



I THINK I'LL BE ABLE TO HELP YOU, MR. PRATT... CLAK-CLAK-BZZZ!



I'M JUST TRYING TO CLAK DOWN IN MY MIND BZZ-CLAK HAS A TWENTY-FOUR HOUR FUMIGATING SERVICE... CLAK- CHOMP!

...I BELIEVE I COULD GET THE PARELLI BROTHERS OUT HERE BY... SHALL WE SAY, 11:30?

UH, Y...YES!
YES, WHITE...
11:30 WOULD
BE FINE...

YOU...YOU'LL GO FAR, WHITE...I'VE FOUND THAT, IN SERVICE JOBS, PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF OFTEN DO... PEOPLE OF COLOR... 11:30 WILL BE FINE...

I'LL GET RIGHT ON IT, MR. PRATT, OKAY?

UH, YES...
ALL RIGHT...
FINE, WHITE

ONLY STUNNED!
THAT'S THE EXPLANATION! ROACHES ARE VERY... HARD... TO KILL... THEY... THEY'RE QUICK! THEY CAN CREEP UP ON YOU...

THEY'RE HARD TO FIND, TOO, EH, KIDDIES?
ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE NOT
LOOKING IN THE RIGHT PLACES!

THEY...CREEP UP
IF YOU LET THEM...

...AND THEY
HIDE...IN
DARK COR-
NERS... IN
TIGHT
PLACES...

...AND THEY SOME-
TIMES HIDE IN PLAIN
SIGHT! IF YOU'RE
GONNA FIND 'EM,
PRATT, YOU GOTTA
LOOK... HEH-HEH...

...HIDE EVERY-
WHERE... DAMN
CREEPERS...

THEY'RE EVERYWHERE
ALRIGHT, PRATT...

...AND SOME-
TIMES...

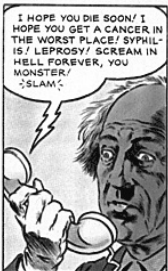
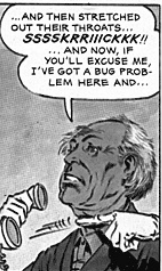
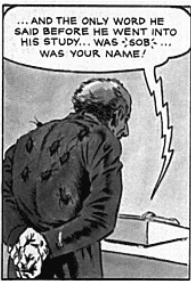
...THEY'RE RIGHT UNDER YOUR NOSE, HEH-HEH...

...FAST... AND
HARD TO KILL...

HOLD
YOUR
WATER!

REYNOLDS?
WHITE?
TALK TO ME!

I JUST CALLED TO
TELL YOU WHAT A MON-
STER YOU ARE, MR. PRATT.
AND HOW I WILL RE-
JOICE WHEN YOU ARE
FINALLY DEAD!
SOB!





YOU SEE, MRS. CASTON-MEYER, I GREW UP IN THE **PROJECTS! BUGS EVERYWHERE!** I KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH A BUG WHEN I SEE ONE. **SPRAY IT! SQUASH IT! KILL IT!**



THIS TIME PRATT *IS* LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW...

WHAT YOU DO WITH BUGS IS WIPE THEM OUT...



...THIS TIME HE SEES THE LIGHTS GO OUT... EVERYWHERE! AND THIS TIME--HEH-HEH--THEY DON'T COME BACK ON...

...WIPE THEM... WHAT THE...? **BLACKOUT!**



ANOTHER GODDAMN BLACKOUT! IF IT HAD BEEN **MY** POWER COMPANY IT NEVER WOULD'VE HAP...

OH, MY GOD!!



...AND WE **KNOW** WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE **LIGHTS** GO OUT, DON'T WE, KIDDIES? HEH-HEH! THAT'S WHEN THE **BUGS** COME OUT!

BUGS!! I... PHONE! CALL THE POLICE, THAT'S IT! POLICE!



HELLO, POLICE. SERGEANT MEGGS, HERE...

ABOUT TIME! WHAT ARE YOU PEOPLE DOING DOWN THERE? WHAT DO I PAY TAXES FOR?



WE'VE GOT PROBLEMS TONIGHT, FELLA--OR HAVEN'T YOU LOOKED OUT YOUR WINDOW?

LISTEN TO ME, MEGGS! THIS IS UPSON PRATT! **THE** UPSON PRATT...I'VE GOT BUGS!



EVERYONE'S GOT BUGS TONIGHT, MAN, AND I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR ANY BULLSH...



NO! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! THEY'RE **COCKROACHES!** THE BIGGEST ONES I'VE EVER SEEN. THEY...

WHAM!
STOMP CRUNCH STOMP CRUNCH STOMP CRUNCH

THIS... THIS HAS GOT TO STOP! DO YOU UNDERSTAND? **THIS HAS GOT TO STOP!!**

I'M SORRY, MAN. ON A SLOW NIGHT WE COULD TALK ABOUT IT--

--BUT THIS *AIN't* A SLOW NIGHT! SO HAPPY TRAILS TO YOU, OKAY? "CLICK."

HEY! YOU CAN'T HANG UP ON ME! YOU CAN'T--

BUT I THINK HE JUST DID! NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY!

WHITE! CASTON-MEYER! THE POLICE! THEY'RE ALL BUGS! BUGS! I...

...GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THE BUGS! GOT TO...

...GET AWAY! THEY CREEP! BASTARDS!

THEY CREEP UP ON YOU! THEY ALWAYS...

THEY ALWAYS CREEP UP ON... ALRIGHT! HOLD YOUR WATER!

HELLO! TALK TO M--

THE... THE BED! SQUIRMING... RUSTLING... OH, DEAR LORD! IT'S FULL OF...

THE PHONE! IT... IT'S BULGING! CRACKING! IT... IT'S GOING TO...





SO *THAT'S* WHERE THE BUGS WENT!
LOOKS LIKE OLD MR. PRATT WAS *RIGHT*.
AFTER ALL, EH, KIDDIES? THOSE LITTLE
SUCKERS CAN HIDE *ANYWHERE*. HEH-HEH/
WELL, THAT'S OUR LAST *YELL-YARN* FOR
THIS TIME, AND UNTIL WE GET TOGETHER FOR
ANOTHER *FOUL FEAST*, I'LL LEAVE YOU WITH
THESE FAMOUS WORDS FROM THE CLASSIC FILM
"*CASABLECHHA*"... AS OLE BOOGEY SAID
TO INGRID BARRGHMAN, "HERE'S LOOKING
AT YOU, KIDDIES... HEH-HEH-HEH..."





STEPHEN KING

CONJURES UP FIVE JOLTING TALES OF HORROR

FATHER'S DAY

LONESOME DEATH OF JORDY VERRILL
CRATE

SOMETHING TO TIDE YOU OVER
THEY'RE CREEPING UP ON YOU
